RESTORATION REVIEW

1804 - 1979
(175 Years Ago)

We will that this body die, be dissolved, and sink into union with the Body of Christ at large; for there is but one Body, and one Spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling — *The Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery*

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Blessed Are the Peacemakers . . .

AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD'S PEACE

This installment concludes our study of the peacemaker, however limited it has been. If it has made us more conscious of that great blessing, *Happy are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God*, it has been worthwhile. To be a child of the Father is to be like the Father, to bear his image. He is peace, and if we are his children, we are like him, peaceful. He calls or recognizes us as his daughters and sons if we make peace like he makes peace. If one makes pieces of the Body rather than peace, he is not behaving as a child of God and will not be "called" such, according to the promise.

That promise really turns me on. I delight to be recognized as a brother by another person, but it is something else to be called a son by the heavenly Father. For God himself to say, *Leroy Garrett is my son*, is almost too much for me. If that promise is mine, it matters little what men may say or do. But that promise assigns me my role: to be God's son I am to be a maker of peace. I am not merely to love peace or to be for it, but I am to *make* peace.

That means that I am to be an instrument of his peace. He is the only source for the peace and he is the motivator. I am only an instrument in his hand. So I can make his peace only within *his* will, not my will. I borrow this title from the famous prayer of St. Francis of Assisi, and since it may not be readily available to our readers, we reproduce it here in its entirety.

Oh Lord, make mean instrument of Thy peace!
Where hate is, may I bring love;
Where offence has been given or taken, may I bring pardon;
Where there is discord, may I bring fellowship;
Where there is error, may I bring truth;
Where there is doubt, may I bring faith;
Where there is despair, may I bring hope
Where there is darkness, may I bring light;
Where there is sadness, may I bring joy;
Master, let me seek rather to console than to be consoled;
To understand than to be understood;
To love rather than to be loved;

For it is in giving that I receive,
In forgetting myself that I find myself;
In pardoning that I receive pardon;
In dying that I am born again to the life eternal.

This is surely one of the greatest things ever written, even if it did come from the pen of a Roman Catholic monk! I am reminded of a story that Robert Shank likes to tell of the sister who did not realize that she was singing a poem written by a Roman Catholic cardinal when she sang *Lead Kindly Light*, right there on the second row in a Church of Christ, until brother Shank mentioned it in his sermon. When they continued the song further, she sat there tight-lipped, refusing to sing anything that a cardinal would write!

But there is consistency to the dear sister's behavior. If it is our posture to have no cooperation whatever with any other church, and if we label all preachers as "false" except our own, then there should be some question about "worshipping" with their books and hymns. If you are of that disposition, I beg you to bear with me while I draw a point or so from St. Francis' prayer.

The priest realized the nature of peace, that's for sure. He saw that we must *make* it and not just wish it. Where there is hate we are to bring love; where there is despair we are to bring hope; where there is sadness We are to bring joy. We are in the business of confronting discord, doubt, despair, and darkness. We find ourselves only in losing ourselves; it is in giving that we receive.

This is the spirit that Paul describes in 1 Cor. 9:22-23: "To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak. I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some. And I do all things for the gospel's sake." This is the way to make peace. The "weak" in verse 22 are those with dietary scruples, while the "strong," which is where Paul was, realized their freedom in Christ. But the apostle became weak, sympathizing with their position, which is not what the "strong" in the Corinthian church were doing, that he might "gain" the weak. Since they were already in Christ he is not talking about converting them, but of gaining them for greater spiritual maturity. We often poke fun at those with strange views, and if we do not "withdraw" from them, we keep them at a distance until they learn to conform.

How beautiful Paul's attitude! He concedes that foods in themselves do not matter in our acceptance with God: "We are neither the worse if we do not eat, nor the better if we do eat" (1 Cor. 8:8). But he warns that this liberty might somehow become a stumbling block to the weak (verse 9), and so he concludes by saying, "If food causes my brother to stumble, I will never eat meat again, that I might not cause my brother to stumble" (verse 13). In Rom. 14:15 he puts itthis way: "If because of food your brother is hurt, you are no

longer walking according to love. Do not destroy with your food him for whom Christ died."

Notice that he equates walking in love with *not* hurting your brother, and in doing this one might compromise in an area where he is right. So one can be "right" or *strong* and yet be wrong in the worst kind of way: by not being sufficiently sensitive toward his brother.

So, if we want to be peacemakers, the apostle is here showing us the way. We are to become all things to all men, so that we may save some. Too few of us are willing to become charismatics or premillennialists or non-cooperatives in order to save them for the Body and as sisters and brothers. This means to move inside where they live and understand how they see things, and to show loving forbearance rather than impatience. After all, it is loving forbearance that preserves the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, according to Eph. 4:3-4.

This is the great truth that St. Francis captured in his poem. We are to seek to console rather than to be consoled, to understand rather than to be understood, to love rather than to be loved.

This is the way of peace and happiness and there is no other. The most miserable people in the world are those who are trying to gain acceptance or understanding or love in the world that is not inclined to give them. He who wants to be pitied will spend himself in self-pity. When we resolve to love (whether or not we are loved in return), to console (whether or not we are consoled), and to understand (even if we are misunderstood, perhaps intentionally), we are in the peacemaking business.

In closing this series I not only wish for you the blessings of St. Francis's prayer, but that of Isaiah as well, whether he was St. Isaiah or not!

"You, Lord, give perfect peace to those who keep their purpose firm and put their trust in you" (Is. 26:3).

Ah, yes, *perfect peace.* We should settle for nothing less.—*the Editor*

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WHAT IS "OUR FELLOWSHIP"?

I seem to be hearing and reading it more these days, not less, and I think somebody should ask for a definition. What is meant by "our fellowship" anyhow? On the front cover of the *Firm Foundation,* for example, there is a picture of Kenyans who had gathered for a

school. The editor explains that not all in the picture are "members of our fellowship," for some belong to African independent churches. Inside the journal, where the mission to Kenya is described in detail, the same language appears, distinguishing "our" fellowship from the independent churches of Africa.

But this is not to gang up on the *Firm Foundation,* where this kind of talk appears now and again, for I find it in publications among Disciples of Christ and Christian Churches as well—and of course in religious journals at large where *fellowship* and *denomination* are used interchangeably. And if such language appears in this journal, I include myself in the question I am raising.

What kind of talk is this? It looks for the world like *fellowship* has become a euphemism for *denomination.* We dare not say "our denomination" since we are non-denominational (so we claim), so we find "fellowship" a useful alternative. We in Churches of Christ are even uncomfortable in saying "our church." But even our leaders seem to be at home with "our fellowship." And I've noticed that Christian Church leaders, who are equally uneasy with the word *denomination,* have been using the euphemism, *fellowship,* for a long time. It is well-nigh common lingo among Christian Churches.

There is an odd development for a people who claim to speak as the scriptures speak and to call Bible things by Bible names. The term *fellowship* appears in scripture, to be sure, but never in the way we are now using it. There is, for instance, in Philip. 1:1 the "fellowship of the Spirit," but most of us agree that such a fellowship includes all those in whom the Holy Spirit dwells. Surely there are some in whom the Spirit dwells among the" African independent churches," as well as in those of "our fellowship." So I take it that the *Firm Foundation* does not refer to the fellowship of the Spirit when it refers to "our fellowship." In this context "our fellowship" must mean the same as "Church of Christ," or to be more candid, "our denomination" as distinguished from the African denominations.

Then too the Bible is clear as to how we enter the fellowship of the Spirit. We are called into it by God himself according to 1 Cor. 1:9: "God is faithful, through whom you were called into fellowship with His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord." And 2 Thess. 2:14 shows that God calls us "through the gospel." It follows, then, that God calls us into the fellowship (or the church) when we hear and obey the gospel. I f there is but one church, there is but one fellowship, just as there is but one gospel that calls us.

If there is but one fellowship, which is the one church, why all this talk about "our fellowship"? All God's children, whether in Kenya or in Texas, are in *the* fellowship, which is the only one there is—the only one, that is, that God calls us to be a part of! I have no interest in belonging to any other. In God's sight there is no such thing as a

"Church of Christ" or a "Christian Church" or a "Presbyterian Church," for there is only his Body, which is the church, the fellowship of the Spirit.

If any of us have a fellowship apart from the one that 1 Jn. 1:3 refers to ("our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ"), then we may presume to exercise control over it, accepting whom we will and "withdrawing" from whom we will. But we have no control over the fellowship of the Spirit, for it embraces all those in whom the Spirit dwells. And if it is God who calls people into that fellowship through the gospel, it is only God that can exclude them. Jesus is described as the one "who opens and no one will shut, and who shuts and no one will open," (Rev. 3:7) which makes it risky for us to be in the business of opening and shutting. *He* controls the fellowship and not ourselves. We, therefore, have a lot of soul-searching to do in all this "withdrawing fellowship" that goes on. If Jesus "opens" to someone, it is futile for us to try to slam the door on him. *None can shut!* Thank God for that. Except for that glorious truth I would have been out long ago!

None can open is an equally pungent truth. Just because some church accepts a man or he receives applause from "our fellowship" doesn't mean that Jesus has opened to him.

Let's face it. If we use *fellowship* to refer to anything less than the one, holy, catholic, apostolic church throughout the world, we are using it in a sectarian sense. There is no such thing as "our fellowship" except in terms of a sect, whether in Kenya or in Texas. Of course we may refer to the fellowship that we enjoy together in any congregation as "our fellowship," but even then we recognize that *the* fellowship, which is the one church, embraces all God's children everywhere, and we are communing with them as well as with each other, wherever they may be gathered. 1 John 1 seems to have some such view:

"What we have seen and heard we proclaim to you also, that you also may have fellowship with us; and indeed our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."—*the Editor*

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IT'S GREAT TO GROW OLD

Since many of our readers belong to the older set, I revealed last year the glorious truth that I had attained threescore years. Several letters have arrived since than from folk who are the same age, a few of them even having the same birthday. And we all seem to be in agreement that it is great to grow old, for the heavenly Father could not do his thing with us if we did not.

Now that I have begun my seventh decade-and this is really the way to measure life, in *decades,* which means I am six going on seven-I have begun to look at what Cicero calls "the play's last act" with closer scrutiny. I like what I find. It *is* better to be old than young. Robert Browning, who died in 1899, must have been inspired when he wrote:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in his hand.

I find every line packed with meaning, and I would like to make a speech on each one. The first, *Grow old along with me,* reveals the poet's sense of fellowship. We share in a pilgrimage—*a pilgrimage of joy,* in case you haven't heard that before. Those mothers who make every effort to pass as their daughter's sister rather than her mother have something to learn from the poet.

The second line also has a lot going for it, a truth I have been slow to learn. I have long realized that it is a pity to waste youth on young people, but I am now coming to see that it is just before the last curtain that "the best is yet to be" and that youth may be for the aged after all. Do not great souls partake more of the oak than of the willow, as Alexander Campbell suggested as he approached six and a half? The great Cato learned Greek after he was 70, and Samuel Johnson was also in his eighth decade when he wrote his lives of the English poets. Cato was also an orator, and one of his great speeches was while he was ambassador to Carthage and it was presented to the Roman tribunal in defense of his policies. His age? 84! Benjamin Franklin was just getting started good in his 70's, and he was 80 when he helped write the Constitution of the United States. John Q. Adams, after serving as President, went on to serve in Congress in his 80's, and he was still in his political harness when he died.

Browning's third line is really for the young, for they must realize that if "old age is the glory of life," to quote Cicero again, it is glorious only if it is prepared for in youth. I am grieved to see young people waste their time and energy on shallow, frivolous pursuits, for they are not preparing for "The last of life, for which the first was made." It would never have done if God had started us out old. In his mercy he gave us youth, and it is in youth that we get ready for "the best that is yet to be." Youth must realize that as one grows older she does not necessarily become better or worse, but more like herself.

Our times are in his hand, the poet reminds us, and if we would only live as if we believed it! Whether we are forty or eighty, whether we live or die, we are his. Rom. 14:8 says something like that. Browning is teaching us, as does the Bible, that when we leave

this world, we do not leave home but we are going home. We are only pilgrims here, as great as it is. The best is yet to be! And the best of all is to get to go home. But we do not go home in our youth, not as a rule, but in the autumn of life after the leaves have fallen and the chill of winter has come. After all these years, *going home!*

Growing old together *in Jesus* can teach us many things. We learn more decidedly that we do not belong to any race, country, party, or age, but to a future age and to all humanity, and most of all to him who redeemed us.

Age also gives us a better sense of proportion. I think I can see what is really important and what is not so important better than in my youth. I do not get all hot and bothered as I used to about things which do not really matter. I have learned that "This too will pass," which I have drawn from ancient wisdom.

And of course it is in the autumn of life that God gives us a sense of humor. We can laugh at ourselves more easily, especially when we foolishly try to be young again. Age helps us not to take ourselves so seriously. I think of this when I read of disputes or debates between philosophers and religionists of yesterday. They are all dead now, I say to myself, and I doubt if the issues would be that important to them now.

Age also teaches us responsibility, that we are in this world to be a blessing, to do good, and to help redeem lost humanity. There is a luxury to doing good, a blessed opportunity. At least in our declining years we may learn that it really is more blessed to give than to receive.

And the years teach us about sowing and reaping. I f we spend our lives in search of money and worldly honor, we can hardly complain if we have not attained spiritual heights. It takes time to grow rich, whether in silver and gold or in grace and love. If we squander the years of our youth, we can hardly expect to have heavenly treasures laid up when we are old. When we see an older person rich in faith, hope, and love (and perhaps financial security as well), we are to remember that there is a reason. She started when she was young.—*the Editor*

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Highlights in Restoration History . . .

175 YEARS AGO: "LET THIS BODY DIE"

This year should not pass without some of us recognizing that it was 175 years ago this year on June 28 that one of the memorable documents of our history was penned. The *Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery* is a testimonial that our pioneers were men of action as well as ideas. They were willing to "rock the boat" and make themselves vulnerable in order to make their world better. We are their heirs, and we are less than faithful to our heritage if we fail to emulate their faith and courage.

The document was originally signed by five men, all of whom were Presbyterian ministers, who had broken with their ecclesiastical body, the Synod of Kentucky, and had started their own presbytery, which they called the Springfield Presbytery. It was not, however, an official organization, but only a few churches and preachers who sought to exercise their freedom in Christ by thinking and acting for themselves. Their leader was Barton W. Stone, one of the pillars in our history, a man of deep humility and great moral courage.

The *Last Will and Testament* was their way of laying to rest the humble ecclesiastical structure they had created, thus bearing testimony to the oneness of the church.

The essence of the short document is in what they called the *Imprimis*, meaning "in the first place," which reads: "We will that this body die, be dissolved, and sink into union with the Body of Christ at large, for there is but one Body, and one Spirit, even as you are called in one hope of our calling." This shows that almost from the outset the Stone movement had a concern for unity, even though this is not what motivated them to become reformers. They actually began as a *freedom* movement, not a unity movement.

This should be the attitude of every denomination—and may I presume this includes us all?—that it one day be dissolved and sink into union with the Body of Christ at large. If because of the contingencies of history we are a denomination (God forbid that we be *a sect!)*, we should be a *denomination in protest.* We must proclaim as did Thomas Campbell, that the church is one and cannot by its very nature be divided, and so we remain in denominationalism only provisionally. Our thought and action should always be with a view that *Someday it will be different.*

So that innocuous little document of hardly more than a single page, written back in 1804, provides for us a working ideal. As they "willed" that their insignificant little creation should be lost in the Church of Christ at large, it is to be our will that whatever is unique about us, that keeps us separated from other Christians, should also "Get lost" in a restored unity of all believers. It must be granted that a handful of ministers and churches have a more wieldy situation than do thousands of churches and millions of people. But

still each of us in her own heart can will the death of anything within us that separates us from others. That will help to bring to fruition the unity for which our Lord prayed.

Barton Stone had reason to become discouraged, for two of those who signed the document with him joined the Shaker sect and the other two repudiated their “errors” and returned to the Presbyterians. Undaunted, Stone kept preaching reformation and by 1831, when he merged with Campbell’s people, he had something like 200 churches and 14,000 members, who called themselves Christians and their churches “Christian Church.” It all started with that little document back in 1804.

A year earlier these men had drawn up another document which may be even more important than the *Last Will and Testament,* though not nearly so well known. Due to what they had preached in the great Cane Ridge revival, which was simply Jesus Christ and him crucified, some of the men had come under the censure of their synod. While the Synod of Kentucky debated whether they should be brought to trial, the charge being that they taught contrary to the Confession of Faith, the five men gathered in a separate room and drafted their “Protest,” a paper of only two pages that later became a part of their more extended (100 pages) *Apology of the Springfield Presbytery.*

In the *Protest* they withdrew from the jurisdiction of the synod and affirmed their right to interpret the scriptures for themselves and to base their faith upon the Bible alone, apart from creeds. Except for a similar document drawn up by James O’Kelly a decade earlier, this is the first document in our history that calls for freedom from ecclesiastical control.

The *Protest* observed that even the Confession of Faith, which they were accused of repudiating, allowed them to interpret the scriptures for themselves and that it acknowledged the Bible itself to be the final judge. It dared to assert that the Confession sometimes darkens what is clearly set forth in scripture, and, like Socrates of old, they insisted that they should have been supported in their efforts to correct error rather than to be hauled into court. These were, of course, fighting words to the creed-bound church of their generation.

Now that they had walked out they made it clear that’ ‘Our affection for you, as brethren in the Lord, is, and we hope shall be ever the same: nor do we desire to separate from your communion, or to exclude you from ours.” They wanted to be free without being separatists, and they did not presume that they were the only Christians or that they had a monopoly on truth. The Presbyterians were still their brethren and they wanted to continue enjoying their fellowship. Theirs was a protest against and insistence for a uniformity of doctrine based upon a creed. It was not a separation from other Christians.

This intention to stay *within,* though not necessarily in this or that party, was true of all our founding pioneers. When James O'Kelly left the Methodists and started the Republican Methodist Church and then, with the help of Rice Haggard, named it "Christian Church," he had no intention of breaking fellowship with those he left. Nor did the Campbells desire to be separate from other believers, even if they did have to break with their particular Presbyterian sect. Once they had an independent "Church of Christ," as they called it, they kept applying for membership with denominational organizations until they were accepted by the Redstone Baptist Association, it being understood, to be sure, that they would be free to do their own thing. The Brush Run church prepared a document that asserted their right to be free to go their own direction while in a Baptist affiliation of churches. It is unfortunate that this significant document is lost to history.

It is a great heritage: *free and yet cooperative, Christians only but not the only Christians.* They did not fall prey to that great fallacy that has been an albatross about our necks in recent generations: *since we cannot cooperate with other churches in everything we cannot cooperate with them in anything!* Or to put it another way: since we do not endorse some of the things believed and practiced by other believers, we can enjoy no fellowship with them. Such a fallacy has the power to make us and keep us a sect.

It does not have to be that way. Not only do the scriptures liberate us from such obscurantism, but our own heritage as well. *Our* heritage, mind you!—*the Editor*

We take this divine rule as the measure of the Christian: 'Whoever acknowledges the leading truths of Christianity, and conforms his life to that acknowledgment, we esteem a Christian.' Such a man, however, he may differ, in matters of opinion, from his brethren, will never interfere with the liberties, the peace and harmony of the children of God.—*Barton W. Stone, Biography,* p. 332

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Travel Letter . . .

SUNDRY JOURNEYS

This year should not close without my writing more about my travels during 1979, for this feature has proved to be among our more popular offerings, one reason being that our readers like to know what is going on. Equally in demand, if not more so, is that I keep saying things about Ouida. These two features illustrate the novelty of this publication, it being an endeavor in *personal* journalism, and we make no effort that it be anything else. Since Ouida was with me in some of these journeys, this will be one essay with a twofold purpose.

Ouida goes with me on my occasional visits to Grand Ave. Chapel in Cleburne, Texas, which is one of the more historic Church of Christ towns. In his *History of the Churches of Christ in Texas* Steve Eckstein tells how a soldier who fought under Gen. Andrew Jackson at New Orleans moved to Cleburne in 1870 and preached the gospel, but a congregation was not formed until 1890. By 1950 it had 1,000 members, ministered to through the years by the likes of G. A. Dunn and Reuel Lemmons. It was here that T. W. Caskey had some of his great debates, the Cleburne paper describing him as "awkward and uncouth in manner, but as one who like a surgeon picks and lays bare to the eye the muscles and veins and sinews and ligaments of the dissecting room." One of his debates in Cleburne was with a Methodist minister, W. M. Price, who was called "the Campbellite killer of Texas." That reputation was gained, of course, *before* he met T. W. Caskey, who stood six feet four and who had never shed a tear since his mother whipped him (and some who knew him doubted if he did then!).

Cleburne even had a Church of Christ college, called Clebarro, started by two men, A. B. Barrett and C. H. Roberson, who later helped in founding Abilene Christian. It went defunct in 1916, one of a dozen colleges started by our folk in Texas that are now listed as "dead" colleges. The *Firm Foundation* recently published a study on Church of Christ colleges, listing 42, and noting that only 17 of them have survived. I noted with interest that of the 25 "dead" colleges ten of them were in Texas, and there were at least two others that the researchers did not turn up, lowly Littlefield College, that lasted but two years, and Texas Christian College in Terrell, which closed after only one year.

So, if you write our history in Texas there is no way to ignore Cleburne, but the Grand Ave. Chapel, while a Church of Christ or at least a church of Christ, is hardly aware of all this. They are too busy making history. They may be the first of our churches in this state to sponsor a "boat people" family from Vietnam. Their facility, which is a residence with a large assembly room up front, allows room for such a family, whom they suppose to be Buddhists, though due to the language barrier they do not yet know much about them. But I watched with delight as the one universal language, *love*, conveyed its message that

Sunday morn, for they greeted each other in joyful embraces, as if there is no East or West after all.

They have learned that the boat family were rather well to do in their homeland, even to having servants, but they sacrificed all this for freedom, fleeing only with the clothes on their backs. The brethren are impressed with their gratitude and lowliness. Both parents have taken jobs as janitors, and all who know them marvel at their industry. School teachers especially note that their little boy is always at school well ahead of the others, and he can hardly wait for the show to start so that he can *learn.*

A visit to the chapel will convince one that "the church in thy house" has a lot going for it, and that it is the unity and fellowship of such assemblies that we must recover in our time. Stymied as we are by our cumbersome architecture, which is hardly conducive to "the great lost secret of the primitive faith," as one writer describes it, we must find ways to deal with each other's needs and relate to one another as sisters and brothers in a family as they do in this little Cleburne assembly. They sit in a circle and really *do* Body ministry.

In their classes before the assembly Ouida taught the ladies (by pre-arrangement) and I took the men. I taught the parable of the Good Samaritan, observing that we have not been fair to the lesson it teaches, for I see Jesus (in *not* answering the lawyer's question, *Who is my neighbor?)* showing us, not who our neighbor is, but who is a neighbor to us, the one who shows mercy. I used the boat family as an example. The parable doesn't teach that the boat family is their neighbor, but that they *prove* (the word Jesus used) by their mercy that *they* are the boat people's neighbor! The lawyer had to admit that the very ones he would have expected to be neighborly, the Jewish hierarchy, were not, and that a despised Samaritan was. I told them that through the years I've often had "sectarians" to be my neighbors while my brethren have "passed by on the other side." So I see Jesus telling us what it means to be a neighbor rather than identifying our neighbor. "Go thou and do likewise," he said to the lawyer. It is a commentary on the Golden Rule.

Ouida was also with me on my several visits during the year to the Hilltop Church of Christ in Burleson, Texas, also within easy driving distance of our home. It too is one of our renewal churches, having left an old, traditional church about as peacefully as a group can, and they have succeeded in avoiding a continuing warfare, one reason being that they moved to the outer edge of the city where another congregation is needed anyway. They have erected a delightful little building, which one would suppose was designed as a marriage chapel. They have the usual traits of our "walkout" churches: a happy, family-like fellowship that is concerned for human needs, and, having been burned by "the minister system," are content to carry on their own work. But they invite folk like me occasionally, Roy Osborne and Wes Reagan being among their other recent guests. They

listen appreciatively, but they have a beautiful way of thinking for themselves. And they like for you to talk about Jesus, which shows that our people really are changing!

For several years now I have conducted studies at the Southside Christian Church in Houston, a Disciples of Christ church that is ministered to by my old friend, Charles Turner, who is also an attorney. Charles is of Church of Christ background, having been fired at one of our colleges for his “charismatic” leanings, even though he kept his views rather quiet and only did legal work for the institution. To hear his story, and he is not one to exaggerate, is to be reminded of how far short of the Christian graces our leaders sometimes fall. In fact some of these colleges, who receive handsome government grants, run the risk of making a religious test, which would jeopardize those grants. In one such case, when a lad was not going to be allowed to graduate because of some “charismatic” activities, the father had to bring in his lawyer, who reminded the college of certain regulations of institutions receiving federal grants as well as the son’s civil rights, before his expulsion was rescinded. Perhaps it is fear that causes such behavior in men whose conduct is usually just.

But it doesn’t matter to Southside Christian whether Charles Turner was fired by one of our colleges. They love him because he projects the word of God in the pulpit and in his personal life, and I love them because they want me to come in and teach the scriptures and lift up the Christ.

Last March I was in Roswell, N. M. with still another free Church of Christ. I am always impressed that these new churches are made up of young, intelligent, prosperous, spiritual people, who must represent the best of the churches they leave. Our folk have long had a proclivity for skimming off the cream by turning away in one manner or another our most promising people.

I would like to write in detail of my visit to the Christian Campus Fellowship in Charleston, Illinois, directed by longtime friend Bob Ross on campus of Eastern Illinois State University. The thing that impressed me most was the responsible manner in which they were responding to the cultish practices of the nearby Heritage Chapel Church of Christ, which had been taken over by the indoctrination program out of Gainesville, Florida, which has since come under lots of fire. It was actually an harassment program under the guise of evangelism, and it was causing students to leave college rather than to try to cope with the situation. The clergy of the city was forced to erect notices over the campus, advising students to call for help if they were approached. While it gave us a bad image, Bob Ross, who has been a Church of Christ minister all these years, proved to be part of the answer by his wise counsel.

And I wish I had space for a separate piece on my visit with Bob Fife and the Westwood Christian Foundation in Los Angeles, which holds forth in the Westwood Christian Church, which is across the street from U.C.L.A. This is surely one of the greatest opportunities in the world for responsible Christian witness in the heart of an important academic community, and I am pleased to be a small part of it, listed as I am as one of its adjunct professors. Now that Scott Bartchy has joined Bob Fife as a scholar in residence the future looks bright for this work that is deserving of the support of us all.

I had extended assignments that ran for weeks at Emmanuel School of Religion and Kentucky Christian College, teaching on the history of the Stone-Campbell Movement, which I no longer refer to as the Restoration Movement, except when I have to, since that is a misnomer. More on that when you read the book I am writing on that history! I also made a brief but pleasant visit to Dallas Christian College, which is virtually next door to me in comparison to the hills of East Tennessee. I am impressed that all these institutions have very able and dedicated people, some of whom would be outstanding in anybody's college anywhere.—*the Editor*

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Pilgrimage of Joy. . . No. 40

REVIEWING OUR HERITAGE

W. Carl Ketcherside

The year of 1966 was destined to be one of violence at home and abroad. We were still entangled in war in Vietnam which was taking such a toll in lives and finance. And right in the middle of the year police in Chicago discovered the bodies of eight student nurses brutally murdered in the townhouse they shared. Fear gripped the hearts of those within the "Windy City" until police apprehended Richard Speck, an ex-convict and charged him with the killings. Two weeks later, Charles J. Whitman, an architectural student at the University of Texas, climbed into a tower and killed 15 persons and wounded 31 others before he was himself killed.

On March 16, astronauts Neil A. Armstrong and David R. Scott made the first of five successful Two-man Gemini spacecraft dockings, linking up with an Agena Target vehicle. On June 7, James Meredith, whose enrollment at the University of Mississippi in 1962 touched off massive riots, was shot from ambush on the second day of a projected hike of 260 miles from Memphis, Tennessee, to Jackson, Mississippi, to encourage Negroes to vote. Once again we demonstrated how great our technological skills were for handling

acute problems of space, and how far behind we were in handling the agonizing problems of human behavior on earth.

The year was noteworthy in the restoration movement circles of which we were a part also. March 4, marked exactly a hundred years from the death of Alexander Campbell. I went back and read once again the touching story of his dying as written by Dr. Robert Richardson, who preached the funeral discourse in God's Acre, at Bethany, before hundreds from all walks of life who came to honor the memory of this great man.

On September 1, the 150th anniversary of his "Sermon on the Law" was celebrated. It was this noble defense of the Good News from heaven given before the Redstone Baptist Association in 1816, which aroused so much hostility and created such animosity toward Campbell. He was ahead of his time. Today his message would hardly create a ripple on the surface of the muddled theological waters, but when delivered it cut right to the heart of things. It seems peculiar that the creeds of men are no longer the great issue among believers in Christ.

We had a gathering at Bethany during the year. It featured men and women from all of the major divisions of the movement. All of us stayed in the dormitory which gave us an opportunity to talk together between sessions. We also ate in the cafeteria and shared insights as we ate. Our discussions were held in Richardson Memorial Lecture Hall, and were generally very gracious. Brother Cawyer, an elder from Abilene, Texas, and a man I had known since childhood, tried to start an argument over music and kindred matters but served only to let off some of his own steam. No one was there to debate. During the sessions I heard Dr. Perry Epler Gresham deliver one of the finest speeches about Campbell that I have ever heard. He was an orator of the old school, and a real patron of a lost art.

On Sunday we held our meeting in the old brick meetinghouse which has been preserved, although only used upon occasions like this. We sat in the straight-backed seats and sang only hymns that dated back more than a century. We had no instrument. A sister had prepared a loaf as it used to be done, and we used the two silver chalices from which to drink the fruit of the vine. They had been used by the congregation in its earlier days, and were brought from the Campbell museum for the occasion. It was easy to envision the saints of old gathering in their simplicity and humility, with the freed slaves sitting on the back rows.

It was the same house in which the venerable Thomas Campbell had given his farewell address on June 1, 1851, at the age of 88 years. With his hearing greatly impaired and totally blind, he had to be transported to the place on a horse-drawn sled, prepared for the occasion. His text was Matthew 22:37-40. I was chosen together with Seth Wilson of

Ozark Bible College to do the preaching. I was pleased to address such a select group upon the Lord's table as a symbol of our unity. We parted at the door after having demonstrated the power of the Good News to unite the hearts of those who truly love Him.

During the year it was my privilege to address the Seventh Consultation on Internal Unity of the Christian Churches held at Enid, Oklahoma. Men from the Independent Christian Churches and Disciples of Christ periodically met to discuss their division and determine what grounds there might be for resumption of a working relationship. I was invited as a kind of "neutral" to serve as a Biblical lecturer at each session. It was there I first presented the thinking which later found its way into print as "The Death of the Custodian—the case of the missing tutor."

I postulated that our relationship with heaven was covenantal, and that it was by grace and not by law. We must choose between love of law or the law of love, and the choice must be individual. It was in this series I first coined a number of phrases which I have since employed, such as "legalism has made of us good lawyers, but God designed for us to be great lovers." The series was well-received but it became apparent that the brethren were far apart theologically. But it served to convince me of one great thing which has proven to be invaluable to me. Unity will never become a kind of organizational get-together. In the final analysis it is personal.

On June 15, I brought out the first edition of the book "Voices of Concern," edited by Robert Meyers, at the time a minister for the Riverside Church of Christ, and a professor of English at Friends University, in Wichita. Bob was eminently qualified for the work of bringing out such a volume. He had been chewed up by the brotherhood "meat grinder" and thrown to the lions at Harding, much to the discomfiture of the lions. He graduated *summa cum laude* from Abilene Christian College, received an M. A. from the University of Oklahoma, and a Ph. D. from the Washington University. He took special courses at Oxford University and at Salisbury, in England.

The book featured one chapter each from seventeen outstanding men and women who were or had been affiliated with the Church of Christ. It was written in compassion and with a tinge of sorrow that it had to be produced by these people at all. In a well-phrased preface the editor wrote, "Their hope was that this book would so alter conditions that no other volume of this kind would ever need to be written." Almost from its inception it came under attack and was subjected to bitter criticism. It could not be ignored. The writers were not ignorant, but were among the most brilliant thinkers produced within the Churches of Christ in this generation.

Not everything written about it was bad. It was reviewed in numerous periodicals, many of them outside the Church of Christ. Their favorable reports caused it to be widely read. It represented a complete reversal of policy and a new approach to journalism among Churches of Christ. We were attacked because we had disclosed sad and sordid things which had always been swept under the "brotherhood rug." For years the references to it in "Church of Christ journals" were all of vinegar mingled with gall. But "the cat was out of the sack" and there was no way now to capture the feline quietly. It is interesting that, after the book went. out of print, we still received many calls for it. Even now, after fourteen years, people write us wanting to know where they can obtain a copy, and offering premium prices for it.

Meanwhile I was busy traveling. I conducted a Forum on Fellowship at Lancaster, California; and a Conference on Evangelism at San Jose Bible College. I spoke at the State Christian Convention at Clovis, New Mexico; at the Mid-State Christian Men's Preaching Rally, at Mt. Zion, Ill.; at the Christian Student Fellowship, at Lexington, Kentucky; at the Christian Evangelistic Society Convention, at Pittsburgh, Penn.; at the Commencement and Preacher's Institute at Alberta Christian College, in Canada; at Kingdom Builder's Fellowship at Sumner, Illinois; at the School of Ministry, Milligan College, Tennessee; at the Blue Ridge Clinic, Hillsvale, Virginia; at Mountain States Christian Men's Retreat, Bluefield, West Virginia; and at the College-Career conference in Southern California.

These were but a few of the places to which I went during the year. I was also editing the paper, bringing out books, and doing a full service effort in Saint Louis. Everywhere I went I took the message that all of us could be one in Christ, and none of us give up any truth he had ever held. I defined fellowship as the sharing of a common life—eternal life. Many were not ready for it. Brethren were afraid of it. They had lived so long behind the walls of their self-imposed exiles that they felt protected and shaded. The elders of the Chestnut Drive Church of Christ in Doraville, Georgia issued a "white paper" in opposition to the things "Mr. Ketcherside" said on fellowship in Atlanta. I was not recognized as a brother by these unfortunate persons. I mentioned it without rancor in Mission Messenger and urged everyone to write for a copy and read carefully the negative opinions it expressed. It was obvious that in Church of Christ circles fellowship was conditioned upon what you were against, rather than who you were for.

I was not deterred by the attacks upon me, either made clandestinely or openly. When I first sat down several years before and worked out the strategy for my attack upon the sectarian spirit, I recognized that it would be unsuccessful if I allowed myself to become ruffled or lost my ability to show love for those who counted themselves to be my enemies. I resolved to remain calm and cool under fire. Regardless of the misrepresenta-

tions of my position I must never stoop to the employment of such methods. It has paid off to be fair, just and equitable.

The Hartford (Illinois) Forum, held in December of 1966, was on the theme "The Holy Spirit in Our Lives Today." It brought together men from the Disciples of Christ, Christian Churches, and three different segments of the Church of Christ brotherhood. Some were charismatic while others were opposed to it. There was not one untoward moment. We came together as brethren and left with the feeling heightened above what it was when we came.

When Roy Key, of Ames, Iowa delivered his gracious message on "The Holy Spirit and Our Prayer Life" he touched a responsive chord in every heart. Bro. Key grew up in the Churches of Christ. All of his family were still members of it. But he was so abused and mistreated by brethren that he was literally driven out. During his address he told the touching story of Roland Hayes, the talented black singer who sang before the crowned heads of Europe, but who later returned to the old plantation where his mother had been a slave. There was hardly a dry eye in the house as Roy painted the picture of his confrontation with the old master and mistress and the forgiveness he felt in his heart. It was a great meeting, a good one, and it made all of us regret when it was over and we had to return home to the divisions that existed.

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INDEX

. . . And Ten 6
Are We Hung Up on Baptism? 27
Are We To Cooperate with Others? 168
Be a Sherlock Holmes with the Scriptures 95
Believing in Jesus and Believing Jesus 175
God of Peace, The 162
Greatest Enemy of Peace, The 22
How Our Pioneers Used Romans 14 147
Instrument of God's Peace, An 182
Is the "Baptism of the Holy Spirit" Scriptural? 85
Issue Is Not the Issue, The 108
It's Great to Grow Old 186

Learning to Pray 110
Legal Eagles, The (Robert Meyers) 150
Let Us Accept One Another (Dan Rogers, Ill) 132
Needed: Ladies' Bible Class (One for men, that is!) 169
175 Years Ago: "Let This Body Die" 188
One Step Enough (Robert Meyers) 94
Our Town and Your Town 65
Our Tragic Fallacy (and the way out!) 72
Peace By Way of a Larger View 102
Peacemakers and the Royal Law 62
Peacemakers at Work 42
Peacemakers, Not Piecemakers 2
Pilgrimage of Joy (W. Carl Ketcherside)
12, 35, 55, 68, 89, 113, 128, 153, 171, 195
Presiding Judge, The 122
Priests Instead of Prophets? Prince of Peace and
the Prince of Demons (and the call to arms) 82
Principle of General Devotion, The 145
Small Town Blessing, The (Robert Meyers) 16
Thirty-Five Years Later 32
Sundry Journeys . 192
Titlemania (Robert Meyers) 52
Tolbert Fanning: Peacemaker 125
Too Far In or Too Far Out? (George Massey) 179
Two Bears, The 105
What Do You Do When Your Leader
Goes to the Presbyterians? 76
What Does Postman Do When There is
No Receptacle? 49
What Have We Done to Prophecy? 134
What It Means To Be Faithful 45
What is "Our Fellowship?".. 184
Who Is My Brother? (Dan Rogers,II) 177
Will One Word Sum It Up? 142

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BOOK NOTES

Willard Cantelon set a lot of people to thinking with his *The Day the Dollar Dies,* in which he predicted our monetary decline. He has a new best seller, *New Money or None,* which may well change the way you will handle what money you may have. Since as Christians we believe that we are to make a responsible response to our impending financial crisis, this book, written by a noted authority on global finance, is a book you will want. 3.50 postpaid.

Another new book is a theology of the New Testament called *The Christian Story,* with chapters on God, Creation, Fall, Covenant, Christ, Salvation, Consummation, and God. This is an attempt to tell the story straight, to key in on what the scriptures really say to our age on the basic doctrines. 6.95 postpaid.

Even if you are an immersionist who believes only in believer's baptism, you owe it to yourself to read the case for infant baptism, which does not have all that many defenders around these days. But a new book by a professor at Fuller Seminary, *Children of Promise,* does that very thing in an attempt to "get at the biblical understanding which underlies the continuation of infant baptism in many of the evangelical churches." 4.50 postpaid.

A really super dictionary of the Bible, and the right one can take the place of several books of the inferior sort, is *The New Westminister Dictionary of the Bible,* published by the Presbyterians. It has 450 illustrations, recent and reliable, and information taken from archaeological collections around the world. 14.95 postpaid.

The Way of Salvation and *The Gist of Romans* by K. C. Moser' are grace-packed, Christ-centered volumes by an old Church of Christ "liberal" back when he was about the only "liberal" we had. They are especially relevant because he knows our hangups and speaks to our needs, and a lot of our folk have just now begun to read him, wondering where he was all their lives. Coming out of the early 1950's, these books will surprise and thrill you. 4.95 each postpaid.

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OUR CHANGING WORLD

Bob Douglas of the Arcadia Church of Christ, 1027 S. First Ave., Arcadia, Ca. 91006, reports that his congregation has assumed the oversight of a 13-member missionary group to Bangladesh. A church in Missouri did sponsor the team, but they dropped their support

over the question of fellowshiping "denominational" missionaries in that country. Bob tells especially of the plight of Kirk and Linda Davis of that team who are now suffering a serious deficit in their support because several churches joined the Missouri congregation in cutting off support due to the fraternization with missionaries in other churches. If it is in your heart to help in this work, you should write to Bob for further information.

As an editor for these 27 years I have had a continuing concern for "the minister system" and all that it has foisted upon our churches. I see in a recent editorial in *Firm Foundation* that the editor of that journal also has concern: "We suspect that more and more of the preacher's mind and heart are taken up with the logistics of running an enterprise and less and less with the opportunity to preach and save the lost. While preachers still insist on being called 'evangelists,' the great majority of interest is pastoral in nature." He goes on to say: "The extent to which we are deliberately destroying the office of evangelist makes us wonder if we still take seriously the plea to restore the New Testament church."

Bruce Edwards, Jr., 1109-B Brackenridge Apts., Austin 78703, sends us a prospective for a collection of essays on salvation by grace. Of "conservative" or non-cooperative Church of Christ background, he refers to the "stirrings" among Churches of Christ for a more biblical, grace-centered understanding of the gospel. He invites you to contact him if you are interested.

In an Aug. 10, 1979 editorial in the *Gospel Advocate,* Editor Ira North invited "Our Anti-Cooperation Brethren" to come back home. There have been at least six responses in the papers from the "anti's," the essence of which is that they do not want to go back home to what they find in "liberal" Churches of Christ. This journal has a simpler view of matters: *we are all already home if we are in Jesus.* We can differ on things like the support of Herald of Truth, with each congregation left free to decide the issue for itself. And at home in Jesus we should all treat each other as sisters and brothers. If we are not careful an invitation to "come back home" can be a suggestion that folk are to leave one party and join another.

Princeton Seminary has announced the appointment of two faculty people from the Church of Christ. Dennis E. Smith, an Abilene graduate who earned a doctorate at Harvard, was recently minister to the Park Forest Church of Christ in Matteson, Illinois. He is a new instructor in New Testament. J. J. McB. Roberts, also an Abilene graduate, is an older professor, having taught at Dartmouth, Johns Hopkins, and Toronto before coming to Princeton. He will have the honored William Henry Green chair in Old Testament.

The Church of the Brethren, a peace church concerned for the reconciliation and healing of those broken in body and spirit, has issued a brochure of their core beliefs, one of which is “to work cooperatively with persons and communions committed to the Lordship of Jesus Christ.” Our own people in Churches of Christ can hold this as a value without surrendering a single truth we now embrace.

There is clearly more concern for the plight of the divorced in Churches of Christ these days. One more instance is the work of Hugh Groover, director of Camp Wyldewood, who conducts two retreats each year for the divorced. Dr. Robert Lane, Medical Center Clinic, Calico Rock, Ar. 72519, commends the work of this camp very highly, You might write him if you want more information.

Many of our readers take advantage of our club rate, 5 names for only 10.00, when they renew, which can include their own renewal. This introduces the paper to a growing number of people. many of whom continue to read it and send it to still others. This is our way of growing, for we use no gimmicks and have no party behind us. You might want to try it.

We have four bound volumes of this journal still available, covering six years of publication. *The Restoration Mind,* 1971-72 (4.95); *The Word Abused, 1975-76 (5.95); Principles of Unity and Fellowship,* 1977 (5.50); *The Ancient Oder, 1978* (5.50).

The theme for 1980 will be *With all Your Mind* a study on what it means to think responsibly as a believer. You will not want to miss it.

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